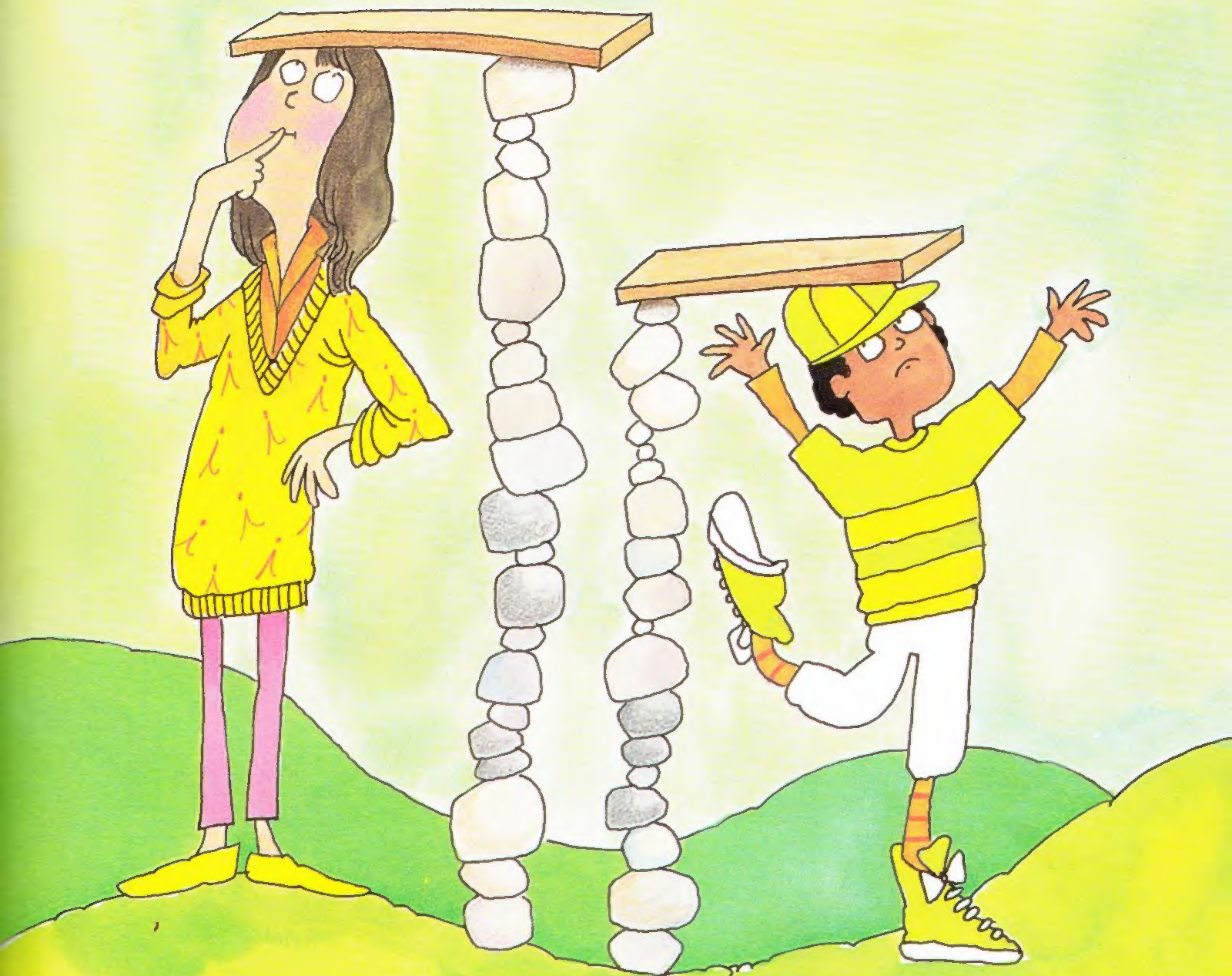


WRITTEN BY:  
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In Letter People Land, measuring is very difficult.  
There are no rulers, yardsticks, or tape measures.  
People use stones to measure.



One day a boy named Ilton goes to the shoe store.

"Hello, Mrs. Ickibee," says Ilton.

"Do you have high-top sneakers in my size?"

"What size sneakers do you wear?" asks Mrs. Ickibee.

"My feet keep growing," answers Ilton.

"Will you please measure them?"

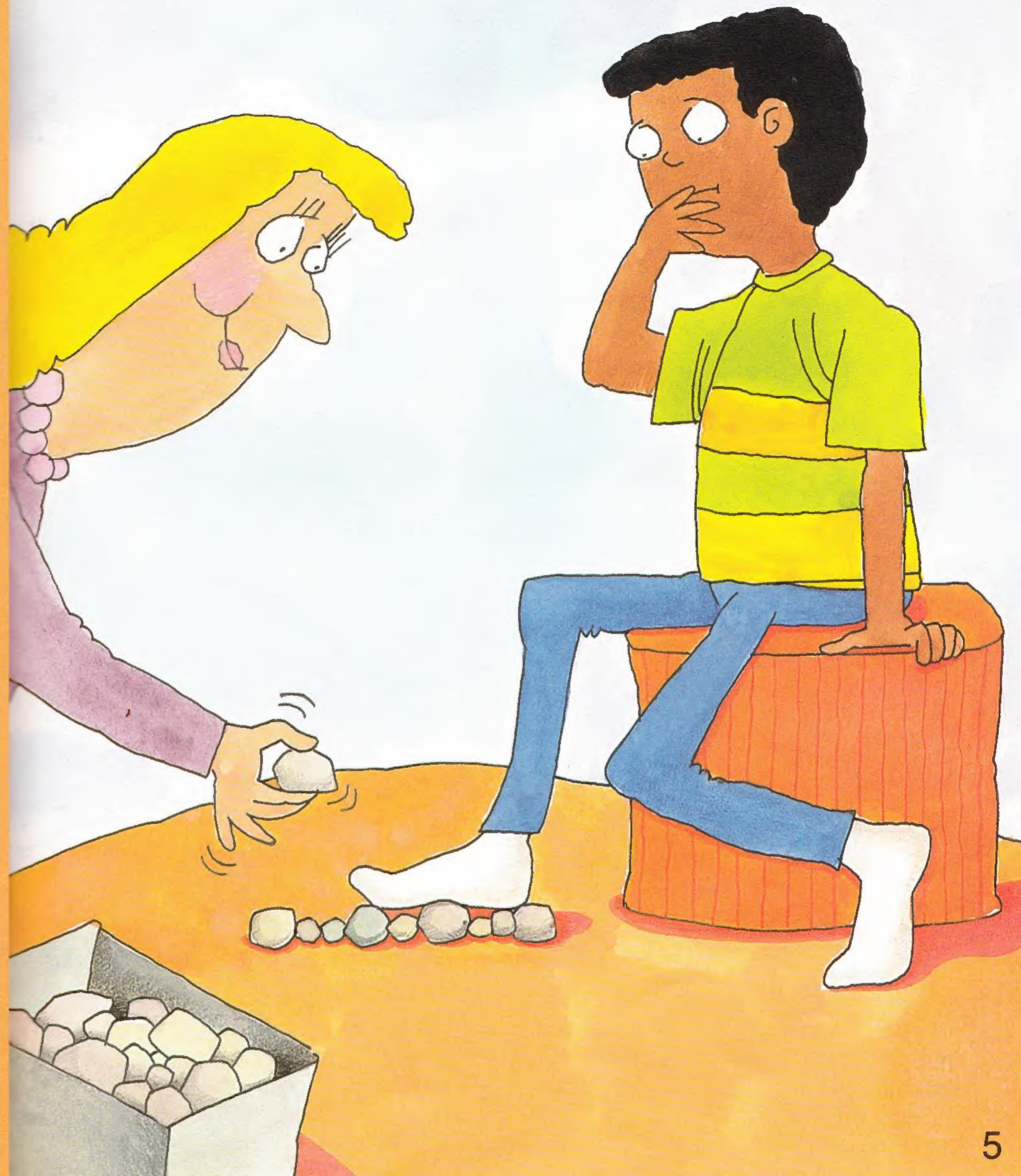
"Take off your shoes," says Mrs. Ickibee.

"I will get my measuring stones."





Mrs. Ickibee puts different size stones in a line.  
“Please place your foot on these stones,”  
instructs Mrs. Ickibee.  
Mrs. Ickibee inspects Ilton’s foot.  
“Your foot is much shorter than this line  
of stones,” she says.  
Ilton watches.  
Mrs. Ickibee takes stones away.  
Then she puts stones back.  
Finally she says, “I will have to measure using  
smaller stones.”





Mrs. Ickibee gets baskets and boxes filled with stones.

She measures and measures.

At last Mrs. Ickibee says, "Ilton, your foot is nine stones long."

"Now can you give me a pair of high-top sneakers?" asks Ilton.

"We are not finished measuring," explains Mrs. Ickibee.

"I measured your foot.

Now Mr. Ickibee has to measure the sneakers."





Ilton watches Mr. Ickibee.

He takes nine different stones out of another box.

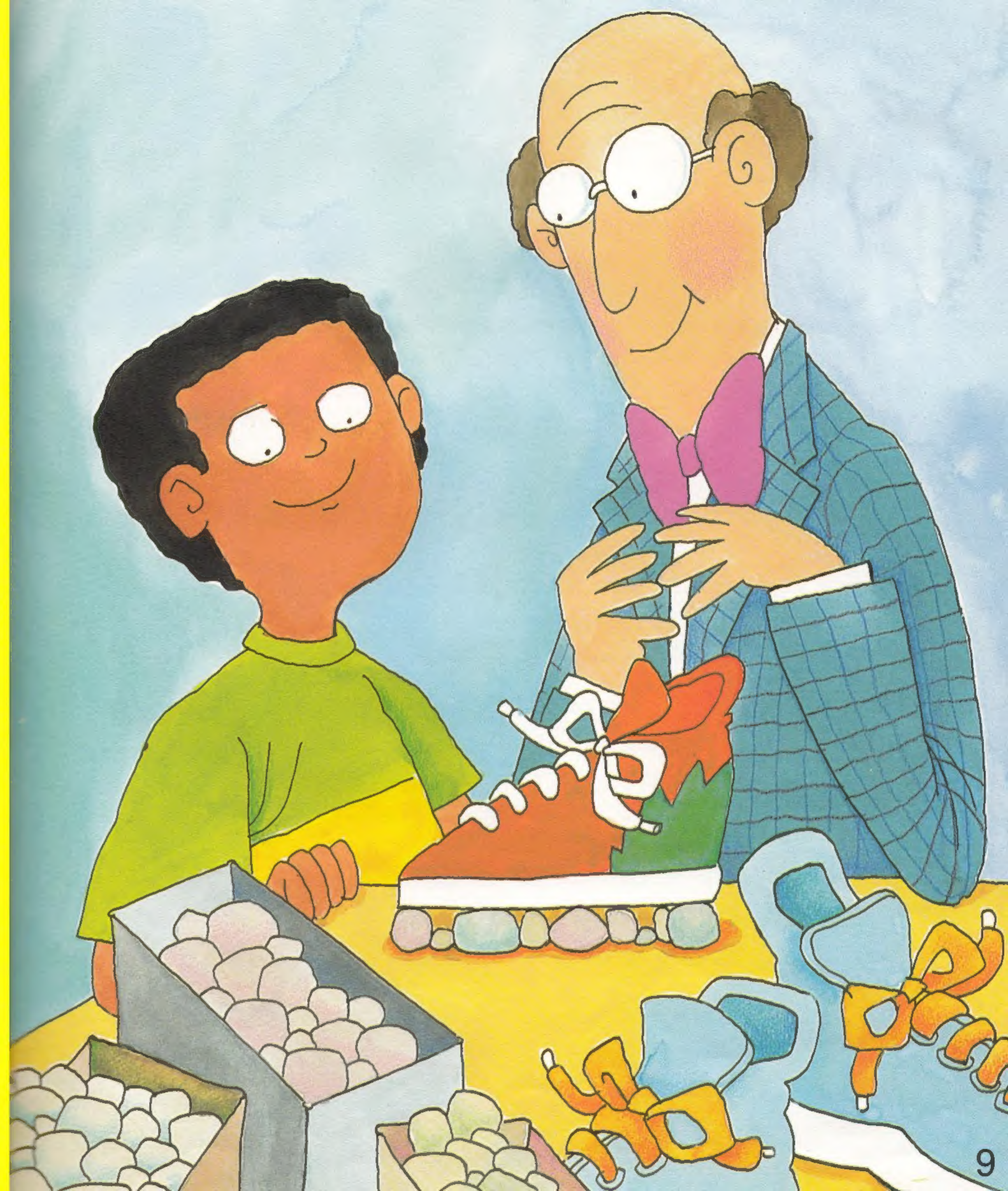
He places the nine stones in a line.

"I will find a sneaker nine stones long,"  
says Mr. Ickibee.

Mr. Ickibee places one sneaker at a time on top  
of the stones.

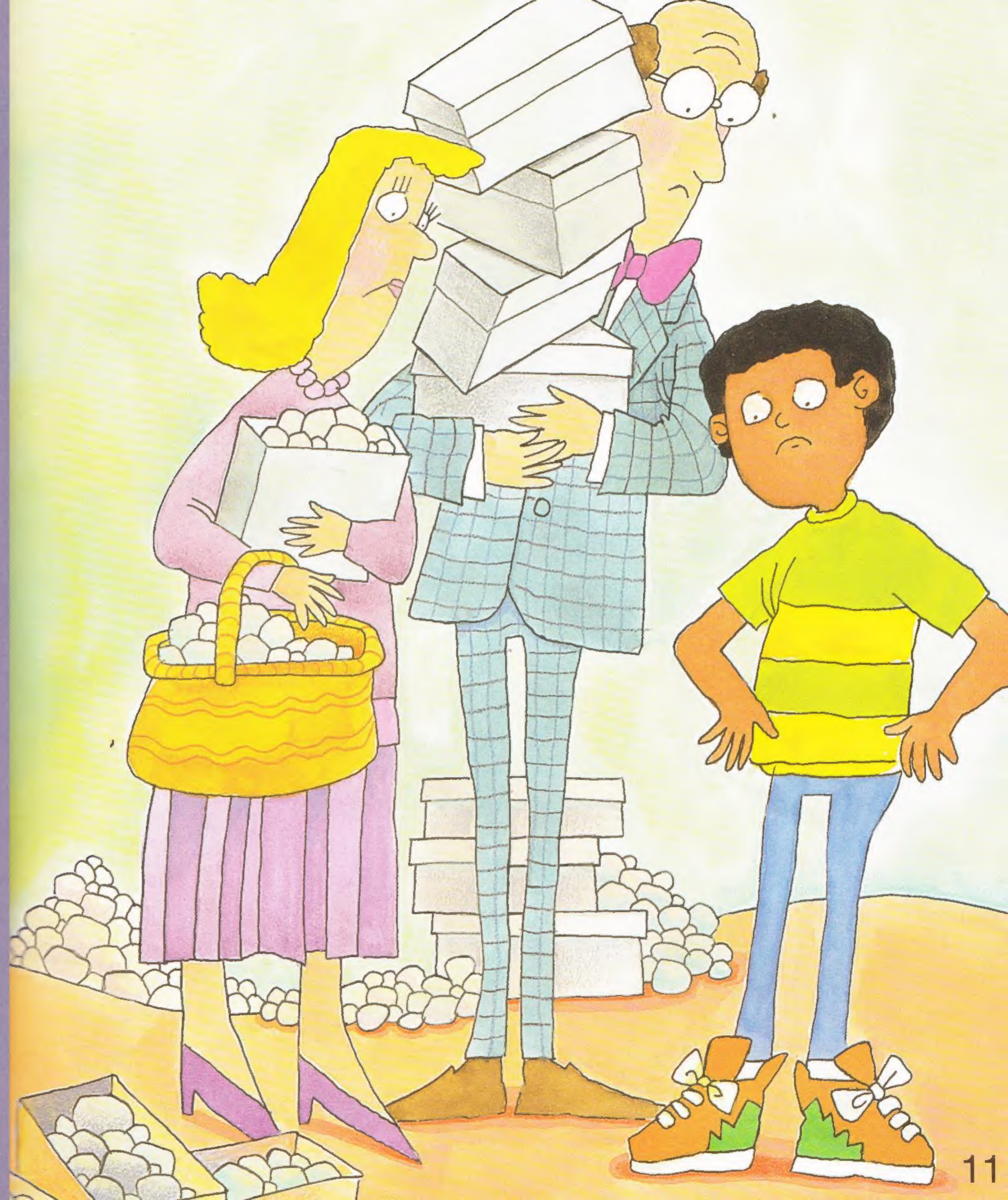
Some sneakers are longer than the line of nine stones.  
Some sneakers are shorter.

After a long time, Mr. Ickibee says,  
"Ilton, this sneaker will fit your foot."





Mr. Ickibee gives Ilton a pair of sneakers.  
Ilton puts them on his feet.  
“These sneakers are not the right size,” says Ilton.  
“Do not worry,” says Mrs. Ickibee.  
“We will start measuring again.  
We have all the stones we need.”  
“We do not need stones,” says Ilton.  
“Measuring with stones does not work.  
We need Miss I.  
We need an incredible invention to help us measure.”





Ilton and Mr. and Mrs. Ickibee find Miss I.  
They explain the measuring problem to her.  
“Measuring with stones does not work,” says Ilton.  
“Stones are all different sizes.  
One row of nine stones can be longer than another  
row of nine stones.”  
“I understand,” says Miss I.  
“You need one of my incredible inventions  
to help you measure.  
I will start inventing immediately.”





Everyone waits.

Miss I works on her invention.

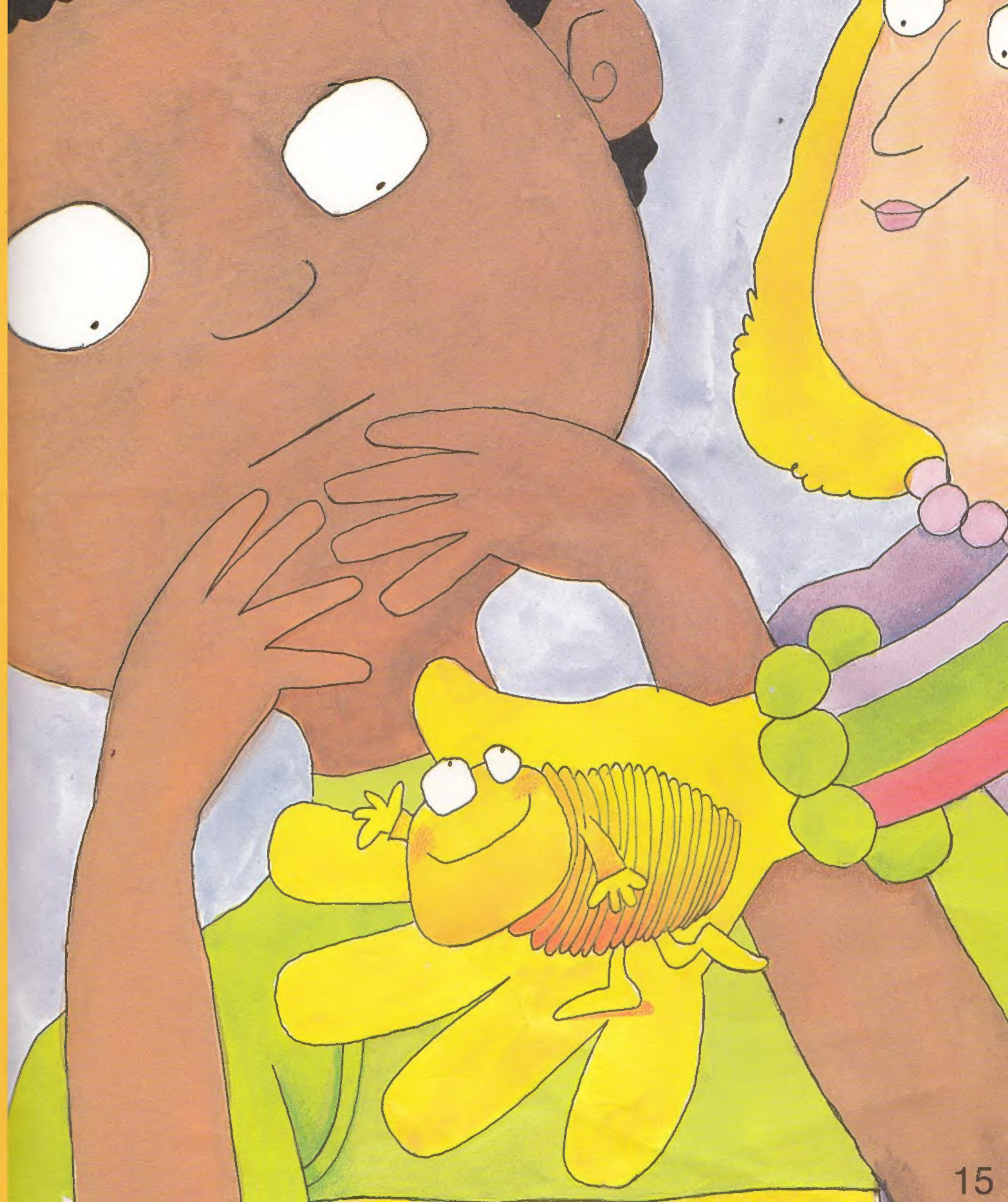
At last Miss I says, "This is Inchy, my incredible measuring invention.

Inchy can measure your foot, Ilton."

Ilton looks at his foot.

Then he looks at Inchy.

"Miss I," he says, "my foot is much longer than Inchy. How can Inchy measure my foot?"





Miss I smiles.

"Inchy is only one part of my incredible invention," she says.

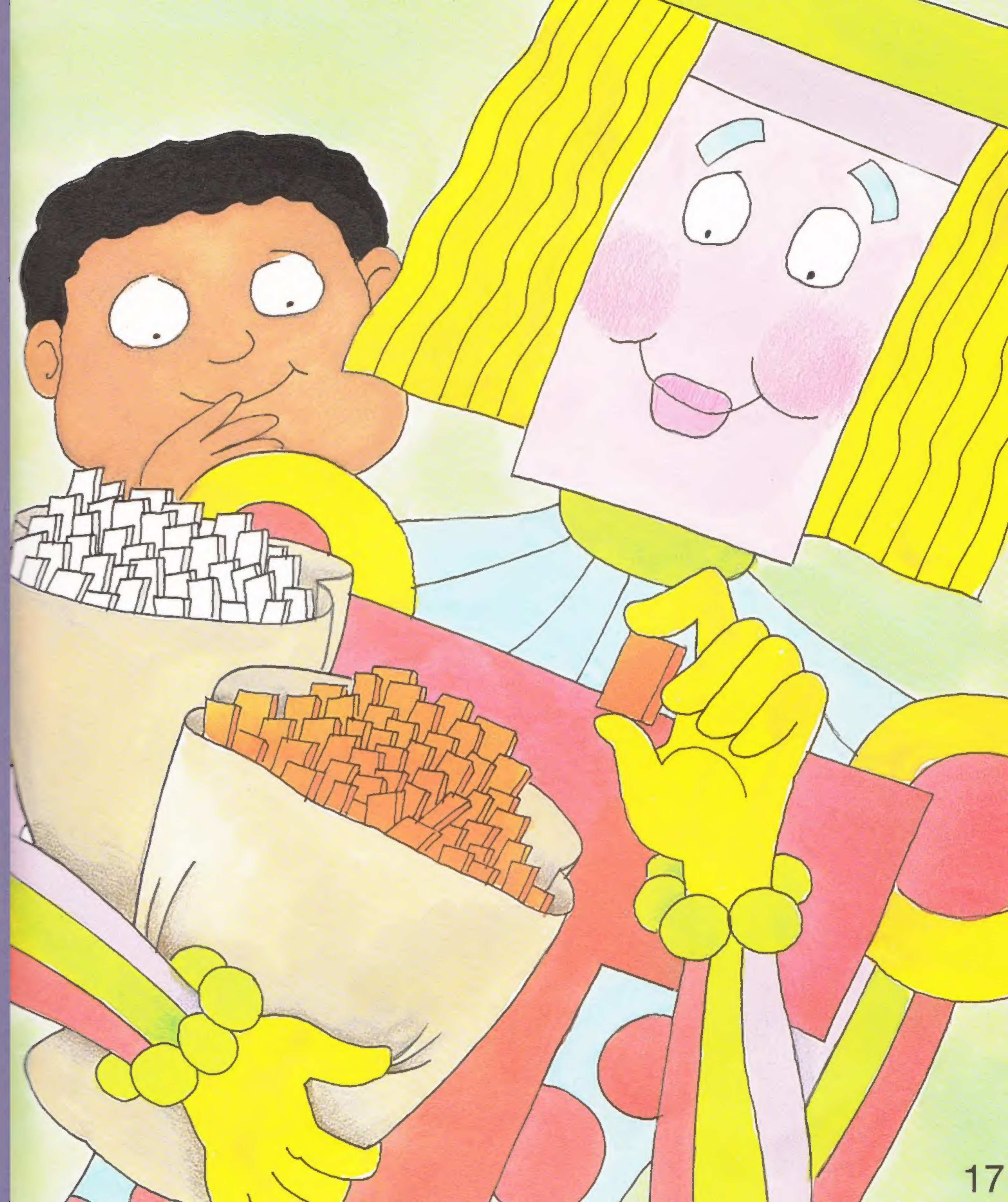
"The other parts are in these two bags.

This orange bag is filled with orange inches.

Every inch is the same size as every other inch."

"Will Inchy use these inches the way Mrs. Ickibee uses stones?" asks Ilton.

"No," smiles Miss I, "these inches are for Inchy to eat."





“How can eating inches help Inchy measure my foot?” asks Ilton.

“Watch me feed Inchy an orange inch,” says Miss I.

“Look!” cries Ilton, “Inchy grew longer.”

Miss I feeds Inchy another orange inch.

“See the numerals on Inchy?” asks Miss I.

“Now there are two inches to use for measuring.

Each time you feed Inchy one orange inch,  
another inch will appear.

Feed Inchy until you have enough inches to measure  
your foot.”





Ilton feeds Inchy orange inch after orange inch.  
He does not stop.  
Inchy grows longer and longer and longer.  
“Oh!” says Ilton, “I fed Inchy too many  
orange inches!  
Did I spoil your incredible invention?”  
“No,” says Miss I.  
“Remember, there is another bag that is part  
of this incredible invention.”  
She gives Ilton the white bag.





“This bag is filled with white inches,” says Ilton.  
“If I give Inchy more inches to eat, he will keep growing longer.  
He will never be able to measure my foot.”  
“White inches will not make Inchy grow longer,” says Miss I.  
“Feed Inchy white inches and watch what happens.”  
Ilton feeds a white inch to Inchy.  
“Look!” he cries.  
“Inchy got shorter!”  
Ilton feeds Inchy white inch after white inch.  
Inchy gets shorter and shorter and shorter.





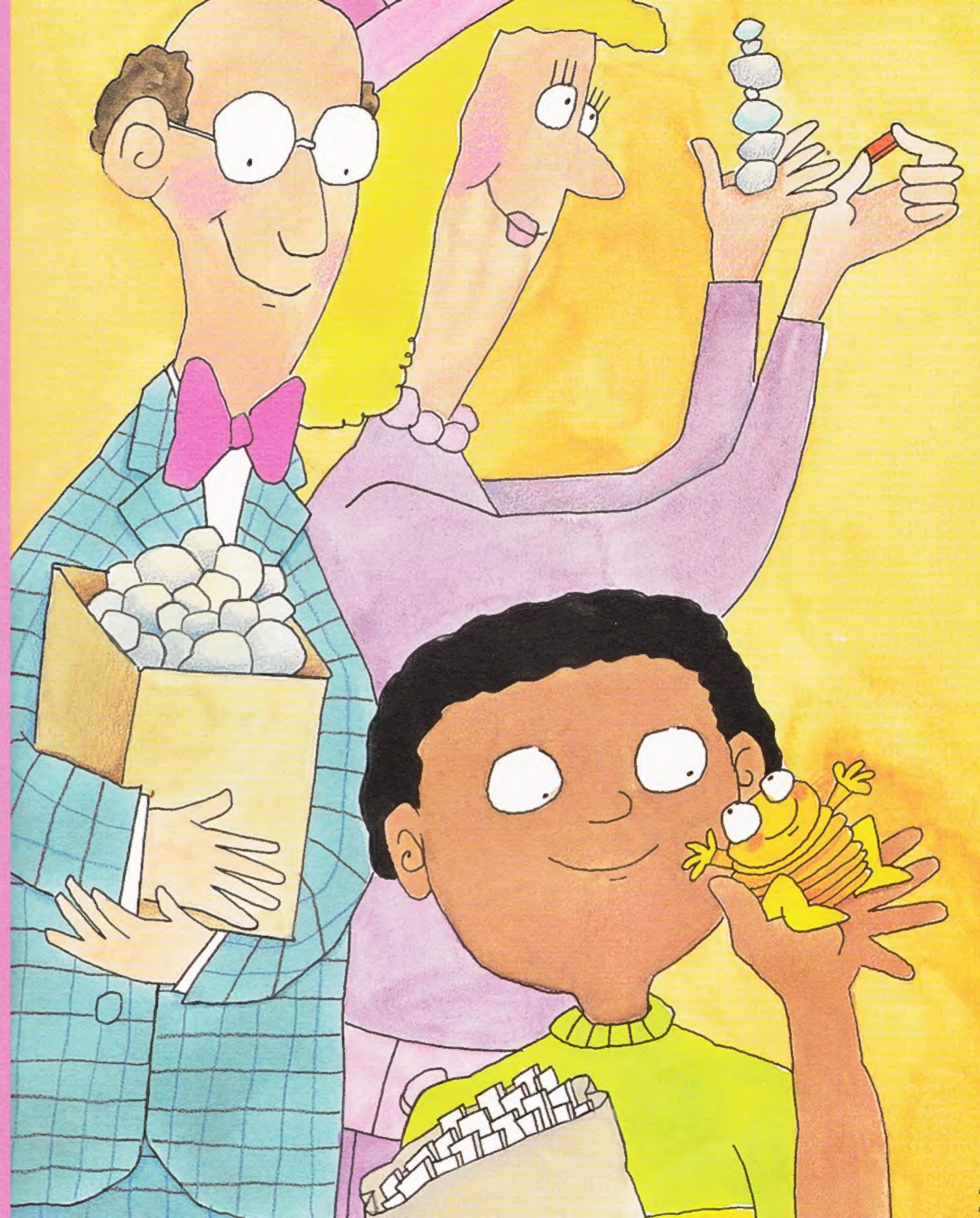
Soon Inchy is the same size he was before he ate any inches.

“Miss I, your incredible invention is ingenious,” smiles Ilton.

“Inchy will be able to measure my foot. Inchy will be able to measure sneakers.”

“Inches are better than stones,” says Mrs. Ickibee.

“Inches will always be the same size,” says Miss I.





Inchy helps everyone in Letter People Land with their measuring problems. Every day Inchy eats bags and bags of orange inches and bags and bags of white inches. Miss I spends all day every day making white inches and orange inches. She has no time to invent other incredible inventions. "I cannot spend so much time making inches," thinks Miss I. "I must invent a way to use the same inches again and again." Miss I thinks and thinks. Soon she invents another incredible measuring invention.





Miss I shows Mr. & Mrs. Ickibee her new incredible invention.

"This is a measuring stick," says Miss I.

"I made it with twelve inches.

The inches stay on the measuring stick.

I do not have to keep making inches again and again."

"Can this measuring stick get longer and shorter, the way Inchy can?" asks Mrs. Ickibee.

"No," answers Miss I, "but I made a shorter and a longer measuring stick."





After a while, Miss I invents rulers, yardsticks,  
and even tape measures.

Inchy doesn't measure anymore.

But Miss I keeps bags filled with orange inches  
and white inches.

Ilton and his friends always enjoy feeding Inchy.

They watch him get l o n g e r and shorter,  
l o n g e r and shorter.

